

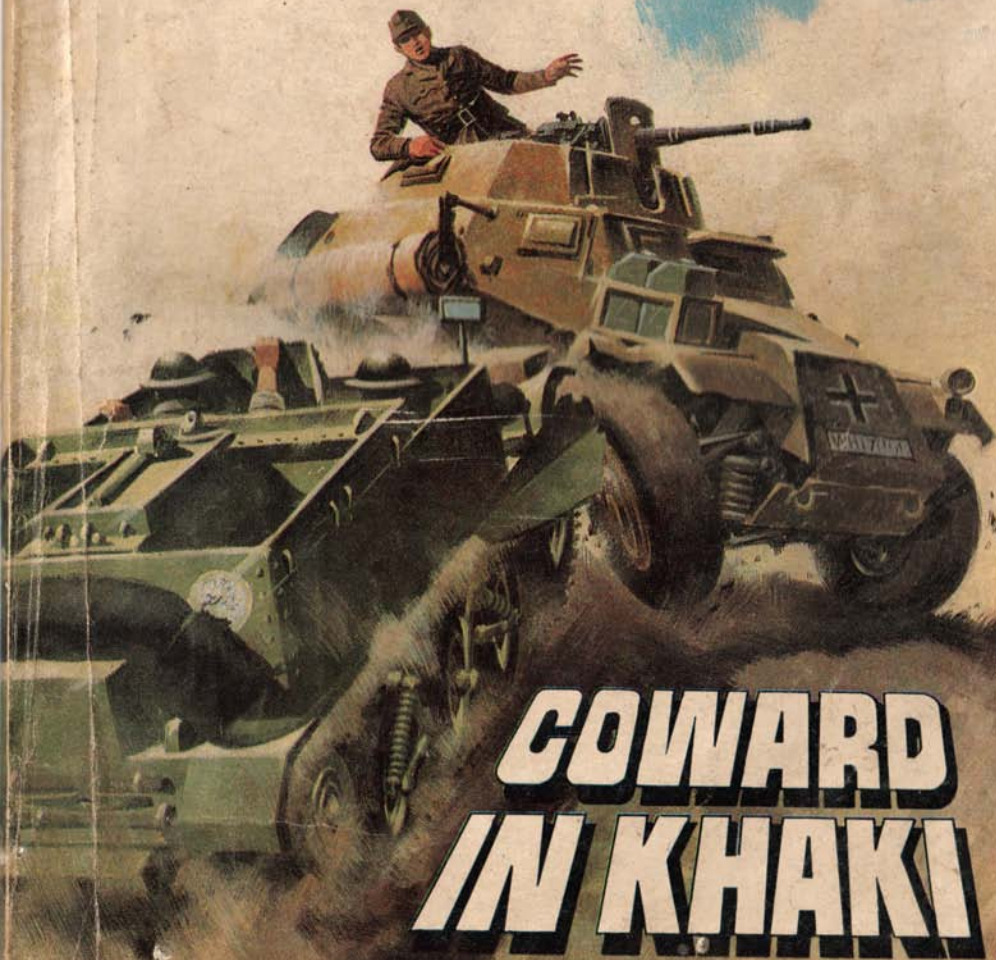
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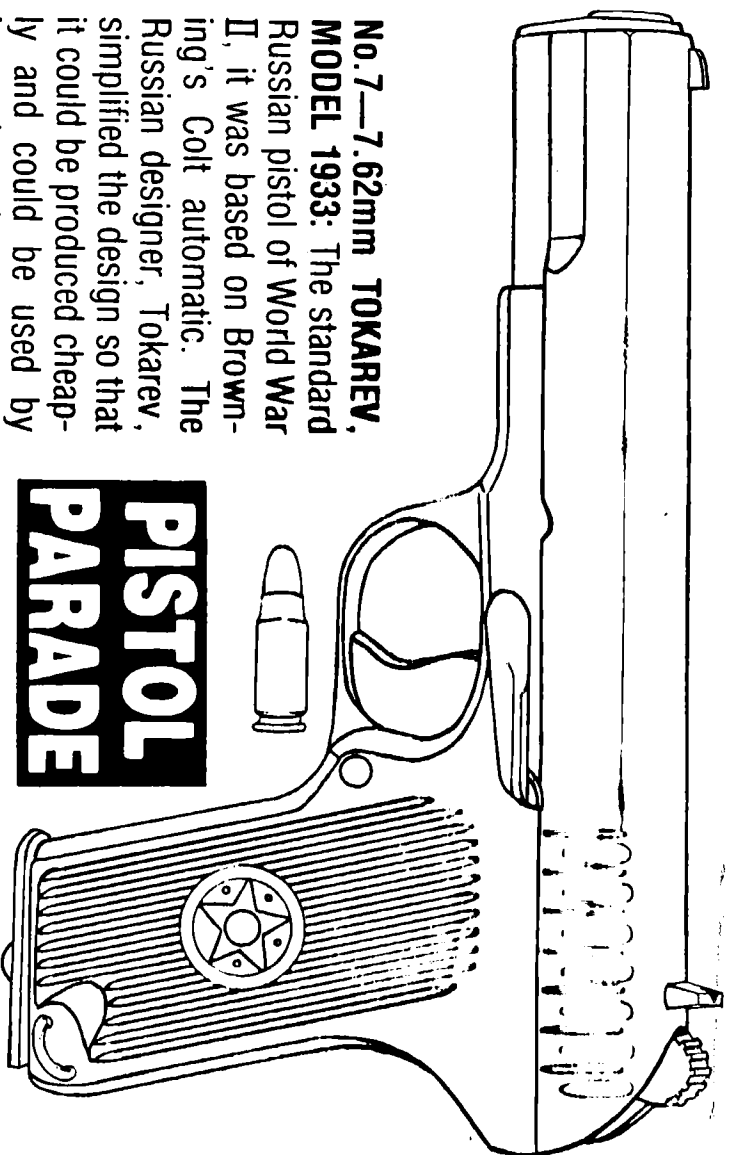
AUS. N.Z. 30c

# Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES



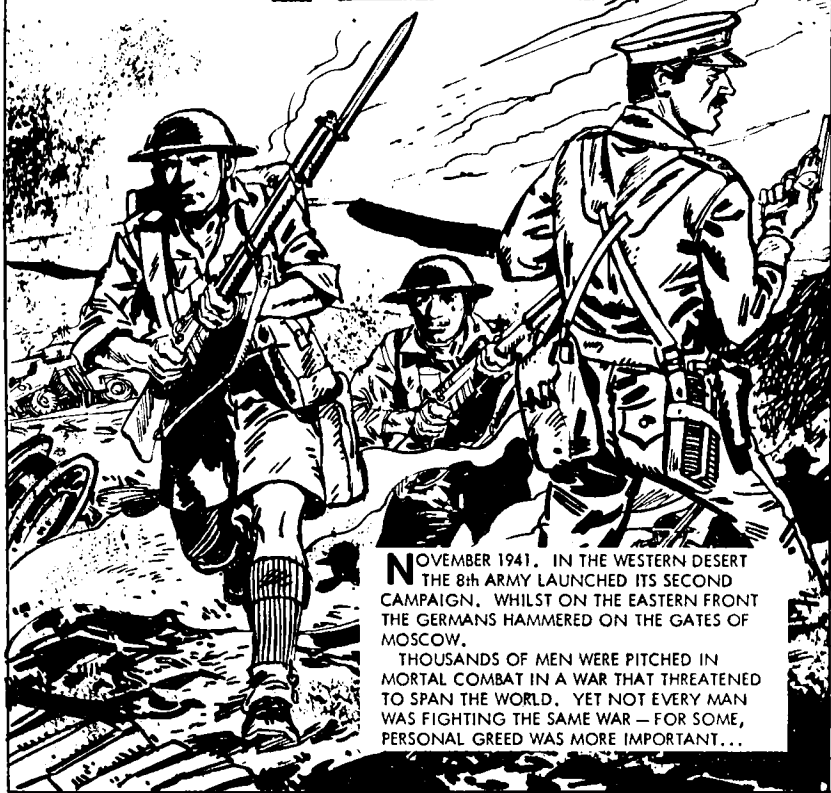
## COWARD IN KHAKI



**No. 7—7.62mm TOKAREV, MODEL 1933:** The standard Russian pistol of World War II, it was based on Brown- ing's Colt automatic. The Russian designer, Tokarev, simplified the design so that it could be produced cheap- ly and could be used by inexperienced troops. De- spite these modifications it was a good, reliable weapon.

Calibre:	7.62mm	Length:	197mm
Capacity:	8 rounds	Range, accurate:	46m
Weight:	967g	Range, maximum:	1645m

# COWARD IN KHAKI



**N**OVEMBER 1941. IN THE WESTERN DESERT THE 8th ARMY LAUNCHED ITS SECOND CAMPAIGN. WHILST ON THE EASTERN FRONT THE GERMANS HAMMERED ON THE GATES OF MOSCOW.

THOUSANDS OF MEN WERE PITCHED IN MORTAL COMBAT IN A WAR THAT THREATENED TO SPAN THE WORLD. YET NOT EVERY MAN WAS FIGHTING THE SAME WAR — FOR SOME, PERSONAL GREED WAS MORE IMPORTANT...

BACK IN ENGLAND A CIVILIAN VAN CARRYING A CONSIGNMENT OF BEEF WAS HEADING TO THE LOCAL DISTRIBUTORS, ITS HEADLAMPS DIMMED IN THE BLACK OUT. AND A SOLDIER, ON HIS WAY TO CAMP, THUMBED A LIFT. NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY IN THAT...



...EXCEPT THAT THIS SOLDIER WAS NO SOLDIER. HE WAS VIC WARDLEY, A PLTLY CRIMINAL OUT TO MAKE MONEY. AND MEAT WAS LIKE GOLD ON THE BLACK MARKET.



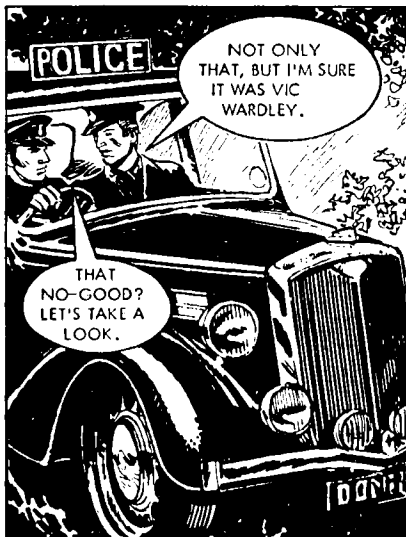
IT WAS AN AMBUSH. VIC'S COMPANIONS DARTED FROM THE BUSHES AND QUICKLY OVERPOWERED THE DRIVER.



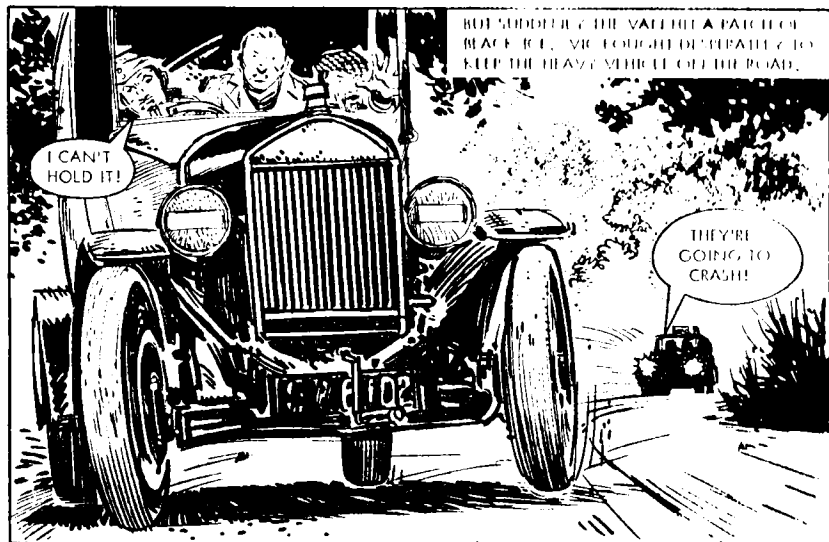
THE ATTACK LASTED ONLY A FEW MOMENTS AND THEN, FLAZZED, THE DRIVER GOT OFF HIS FEET IN A DITCH, VIC AND HIS GANG DROVE OFF.



BUT VIC WASN'T VERY BRIGHT AND HIS LUCK RAN OUT WHEN HE PASSED A POLICE PATROL CAR.



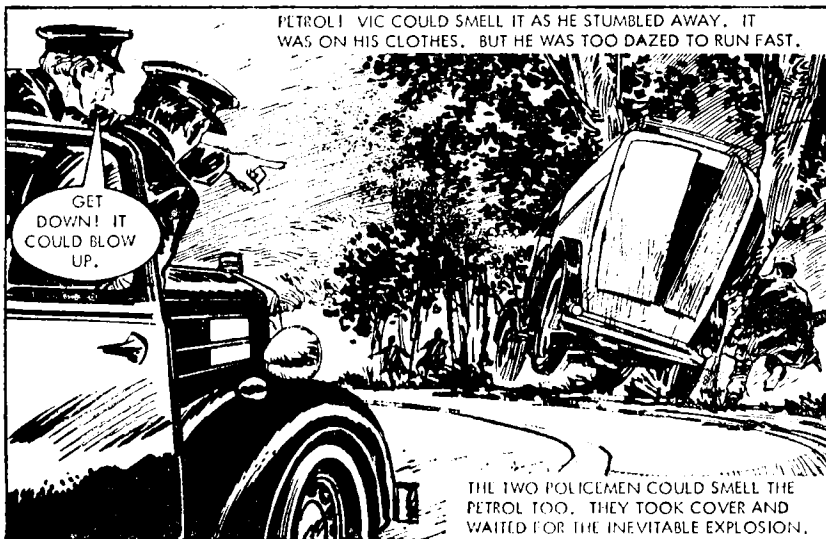
7  
WITH HIS RECORD A PRISON SENTENCE WAS INEVITABLE SO VIC DECIDED TO GET THE POLICE A  
RUN FOR THEIR MONEY.



THE CRASH THREW VIC HARD AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL AND IT WAS SEVERAL SECONDS LATER BEFORE HE CAME TO.



HIS TWO COMPANIONS HAD FARED BETTER AND WERE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY.



THE TWO POLICEMEN COULD SMELL THE PETROL TOO. THEY TOOK COVER AND WAITED FOR THE INEVITABLE EXPLOSION.

IT NEEDED ONLY ONE SPARK TO IGNITE THE PETROL SEEPING FROM THE WRECKED VAN. WITH THE ENSUING BLAST WENT VIC'S DREAMS OF A SMALL FORTUNE.



AND WHAT WAS WORSE, BURNING DEBRIS SET HIS CLOTHES ON FIRE TOO...

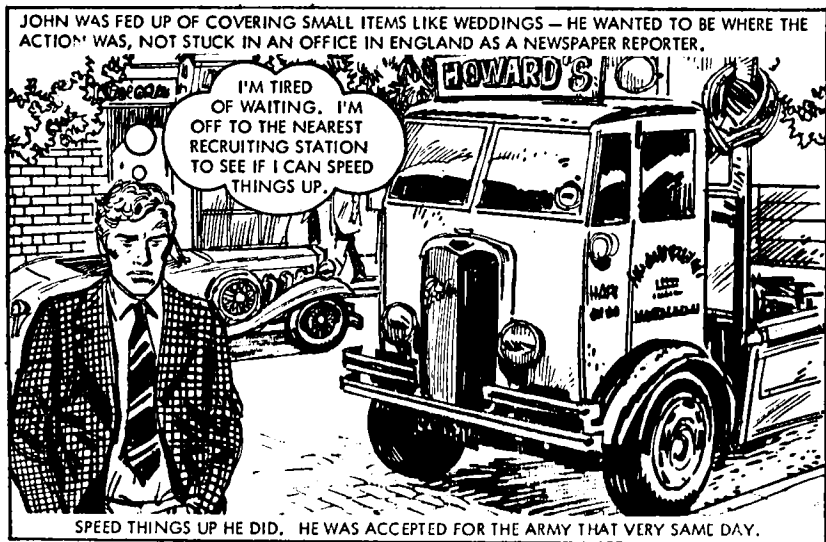
VIC WAS UNAWARE OF THE HELP FROM THE VERY MEN HE DESPISED.



HALF CRAZED WITH PAIN AND FEAR, VIC WAS LID AWAY FROM THE BURNING WRECKAGE.



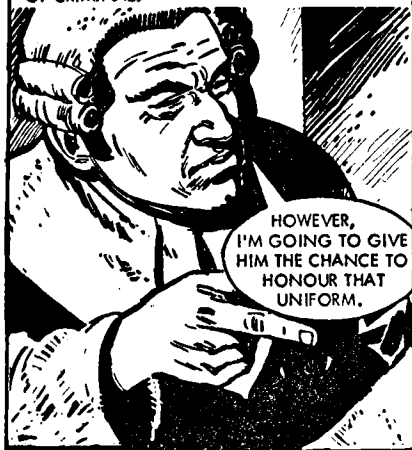
BUT VIC WAS TOO SHOCKED TO UNDERSTAND AS THEY RUSHED HIM TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL WHERE THE BURNS PROVED TO BE NOT AS BAD AS FIRST FEARED, ALTHOUGH THEY WERE SERIOUS ENOUGH.



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY IN THE COUNTY ASSIZES, VIC, WARREN, THE BELL SCARF  
PROMINENT ON HIS FACE, ENCOUNTERED THE WRATH OF ONE OF HIS ALIBIS, A JUDGE  
ALONG WITH HIS TWO PARTNERS IN CRIME.



VIC PREPARED HIMSELF FOR THE WORST. THE JUDGE'S TONE MADE IT OBVIOUS THAT HE CONSIDERED VIC TO BE THE LOWEST FORM OF CRIMINAL.



THE CROOK COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS LARS. THE JUDGE HAD GIVEN HIM THE CHOICE - IF GOING TO PRISON OR JOINING THE ARMY.



SO HE DULY PRESENTED HIMSELF FOR BASIC TRAINING AND JOHN PRESTON WAS ALSO AMONG THAT BATCH OF RECRUITS. FOR JOHN THIS FIRST CONTACT WITH THE ARMY WAS STRANGE — BUT FOR VIC IT AROUSED UNPLEASANT MEMORIES.



SERGEANT "WEASEL" WALSH LOOMED BEFORE THEM AND BEGAN HIS USUAL WELCOMING SPEECH FOR RECRUITS.



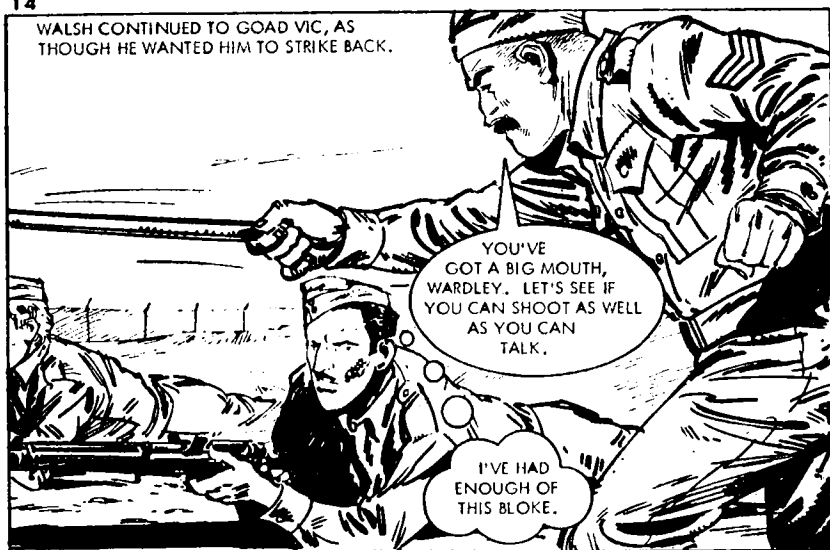
UNFORTUNATELY SERGEANT WALSH DIDN'T SHARE VIC'S SENSE OF HUMOUR AND QUICKLY JUMPED ON HIM.



AND DURING THE FIRST FEW WEEKS IT SEEMED THAT VIC HAD BEEN SINGLED OUT BY SERGEANT WALSH FOR SPECIAL ATTENTION.



WALSH CONTINUED TO GOAD VIC, AS  
THOUGH HE WANTED HIM TO STRIKE BACK.



SNARLING, VIC GOT TO HIS FEET. QUICK-TEMPERED AT THE BEST OF  
TIMES, HE DECIDED A SHOW-DOWN WAS CALLED FOR.



VIC THREW HIS RIFLE DOWN AND MARCHED  
OUT IN DISGUST.

I'D HAVE  
BEEN BETTER OFF  
IN PRISON.

PUT OUR  
LITTLE GANGSTER  
IN THE GUARDROOM,  
CORPORAL.

THE ARMY WAS NO PLACE FOR MISFITS  
LIKE VIC. SO HE HAD TO LEARN TO FIT  
IN — THE HARD WAY.

I'M NOT  
GOING TO TOLERATE  
THIS KIND OF BEHAVIOUR,  
WARDLEY. SIX DAYS'  
DETENTION.

VIC'S PUNISHMENT WAS SOON SERVED AND JOHN  
DID HIS BEST TO HELP HIM FIT INTO THE SQUAD.

YOU'D BETTER  
GET YOUR KIT CLEANED  
UP, VIC, OR WALSH IS  
GOING TO JUMP ON  
YOU AGAIN.

BEEN  
PROMOTED,  
HAVE YOU?

VIC WAS A LONER, AND HE DIDN'T NEED ANY TOFFEE-NOSED INTERFERER TO GIVE HIM ADVICE.



WITH THEIR BASIC TRAINING ALMOST OVER IT WAS A TIME FOR CELEBRATING AT THE LOCAL INN.



A GROUP OF PARATROOPERS ENTERED NOISILY AND JOHN SMELT TROUBLE.



VIC'S ANGER AGAINST THE ARMY HAD BEEN BUILDING UP FOR SOME TIME AND NOW HE HAD THE EXCUSE HE NEEDED TO LET OFF STEAM AS THE PARAS PICKED ON HIM FOR THEIR BIT OF FUN.



KNOWING HE WAS OUT-NUMBERED, VIC REALISED HE NEEDED SURPRISE TO GIVE HIM AN ADVANTAGE.



ALTHOUGH NO ONE LIKED VIC, HE WAS PART OF THE SQUAD AND THEIR REPUTATION WAS AT STAKE.



IN THEY ALL PILED AS VIC SLUMPED UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR, CAUGHT UNAWARES BY A DOUBLE-HANDED BLOW FROM BEHIND.

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT THE MILITARY POLICE CHOSE THAT NIGHT TO MAKE A ROUTINE CHECK AS THE BATTLE REALLY GOT GOING.



SLINGING THE UNCONSCIOUS VIC OVER HIS SHOULDER, JOHN LEFT BY THE BACK DOOR.



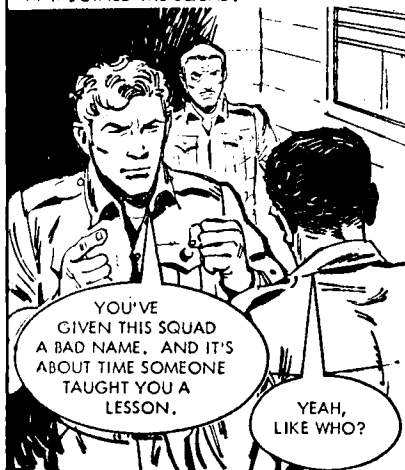
UNFORTUNATELY NOT EVERYONE GOT AWAY AND NEXT DAY THOSE WHO HAD BEEN CAUGHT WERE NOT IN THE BEST OF TEMPER.



BUT VIC RESENTED JOHN TAKING HIS PART. HE CONSIDERED HIMSELF A HARD-CASE WELL ABLE TO STAND UP FOR HIMSELF.



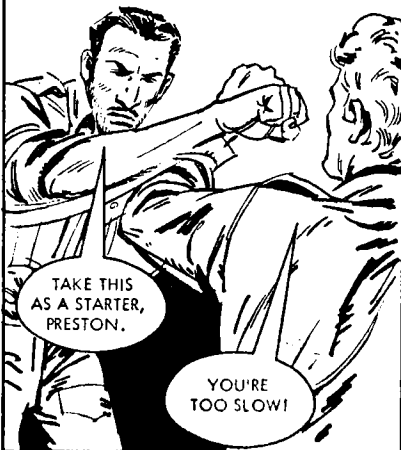
JOHN FINALLY LOST HIS TEMPER. VIC HAD BEEN NOTHING BUT TROUBLE EVER SINCE HE'D JOINED THE SQUAD.



YOU'VE GIVEN THIS SQUAD A BAD NAME. AND IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE TAUGHT YOU A LESSON.

YEAH, LIKE WHO?

ONCE AGAIN VIC LOST CONTROL OF HIS TEMPER AND SWUNG HEAVILY AT JOHN.



TAKE THIS AS A STARTER, PRESTON.

YOU'RE TOO SLOW!

THE SINGLE PUNCH THAT CAME IN REPLY FROM JOHN TOOK AWAY VIC'S BREATH AND HIS WILL TO FIGHT.



NICE ONE, JOHNNY.

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON.

VIC WENT DOWN AND STAYED DOWN, HIS BREATH COMING IN WHEEZING GASPS.



BUT ALL ELSE WAS FORGOTTEN AS WORD CAME THROUGH THAT THEY WERE TO BE SHIPPED TO NORTH AFRICA.

JANUARY 1942. THE GERMANS PREPARED TO RETAKE BENGHAZI, AS PART OF THEIR PUSH TO DRIVE THE BRITISH OUT OF NORTH AFRICA.



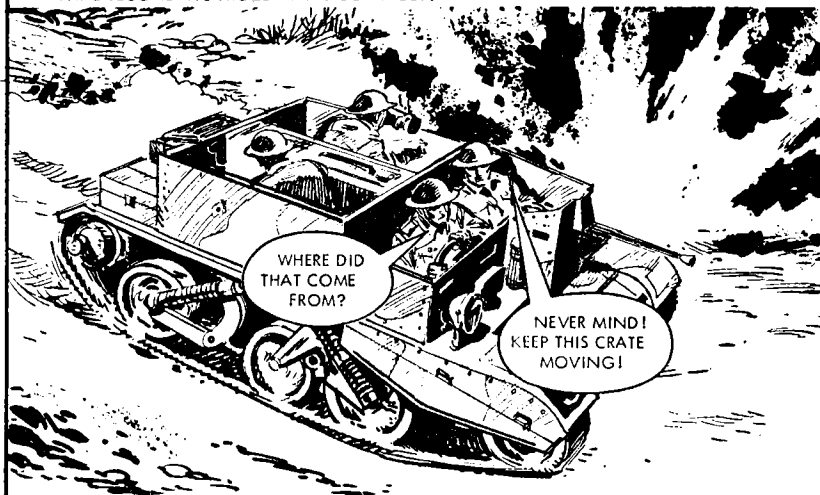
AND SO, WITH THEIR REGIMENT DEPLOYED IN DEFENSIVE POSITIONS, VIC AND JOHN WERE SENT ON A RECCE PATROL IN A BREN-GUN CARRIER WITH ANOTHER SOLDIER AND AN EXPERIENCED SERGEANT.



BUT THEY WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES ON PATROL. A GERMAN PATROL HAD ALSO SPOTTED THEM.



THE FIRST GERMAN SHELL BURST DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE BREN CARRIER, AND FOR A VITAL SECOND VIC FROZE AT THE CONTROLS.



OUTGUNNED AND SLOWER, THE CARRIER CREW KNEW THE NEXT FEW SECONDS WERE CRITICAL.



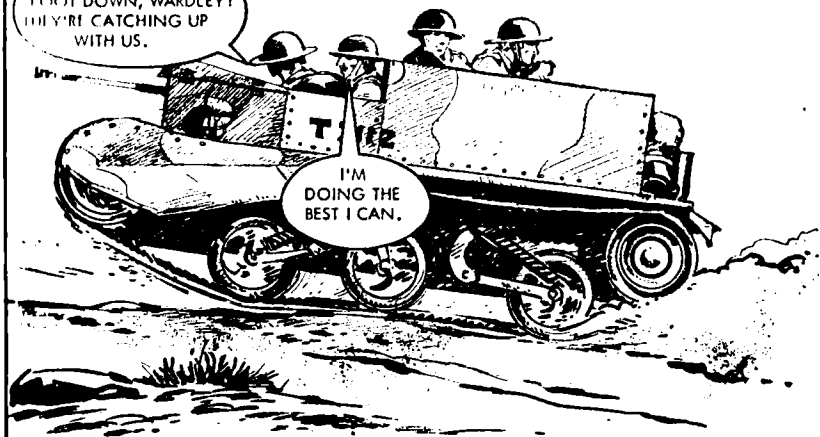
CONFIDENT OF HIS SUPERIORITY IN VEHICLES THE GERMAN CLOSED IN FOR THE KILL.



THE NOISY, BOUNCING CARRIER WAS NO PLACE FOR ANYONE WHO WAS NERVOUS AND AS THE ARMoured CAR GAINED ON THEM VIC BEGAN TO PANIC.

PUT YOUR  
FOOT DOWN, WARDLEY!  
THEY'RE CATCHING UP  
WITH US.

I'M  
DOING THE  
BEST I CAN.



SUDDENLY VIC'S MIND WENT BACK TO THE FIRE WHEN HE HAD CRASHED THE MEAT VAN - AND HE FROZE WITH FEAR. HE WAS CONVINCED THAT THE GERMANS HAD HIT THE CARRIER'S PETROL TANK.

THEY'VE  
HIT US!

KEEP  
GOING,  
MAN!



THE TERRIBLE MEMORY OF THOSE PREVIOUS FLAMES WHICH HAD ALMOST ENVELOPED HIM WAS TOO GREAT AND VIC HALTED THE CARRIER AND JUMPED.

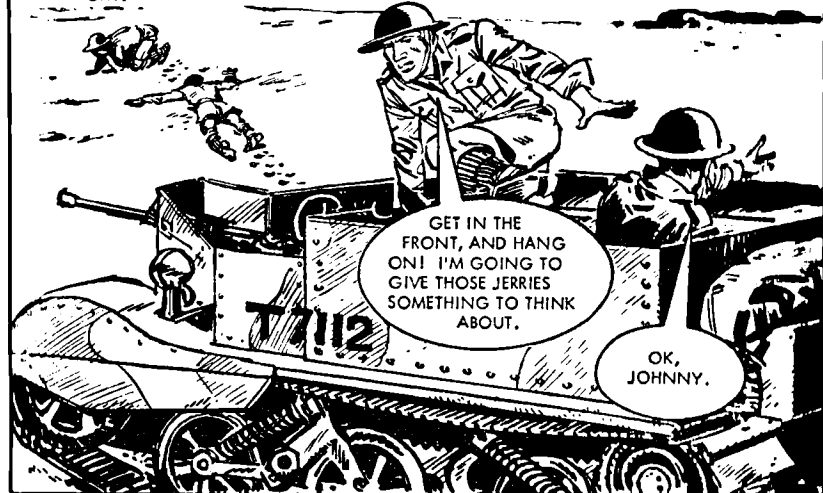


THE PUZZLED GERMANS SAW THE SERGEANT PURSUE VIC OVER THE SAND.

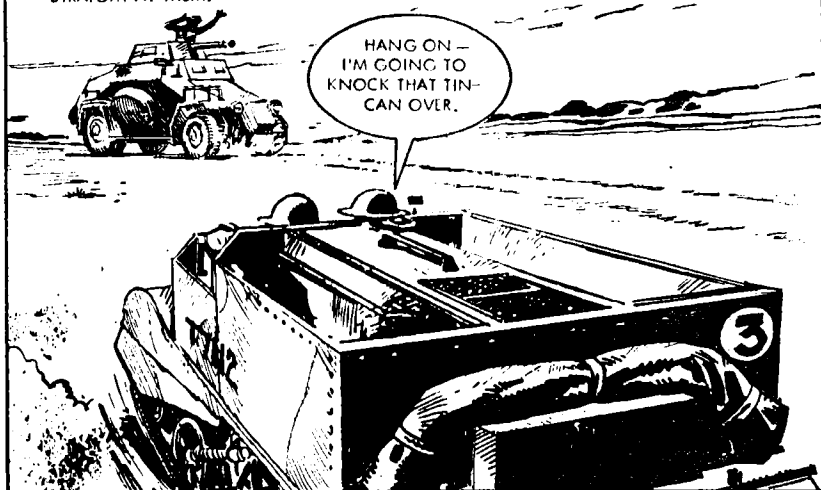
THE SITTING TARGETS PROVIDED BY THE SERGEANT AND VIC WERE TOO GOOD TO MISS.



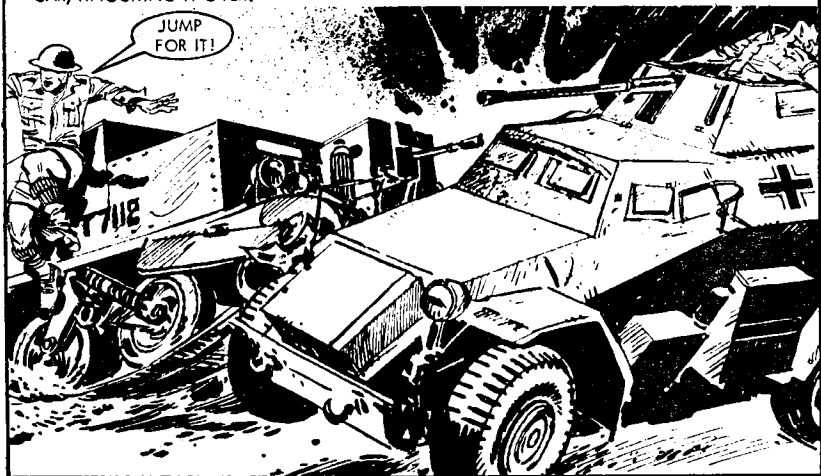
JOHN WAS THE FIRST TO RECOVER HIS NERVE. HE WASN'T ABOUT TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT.



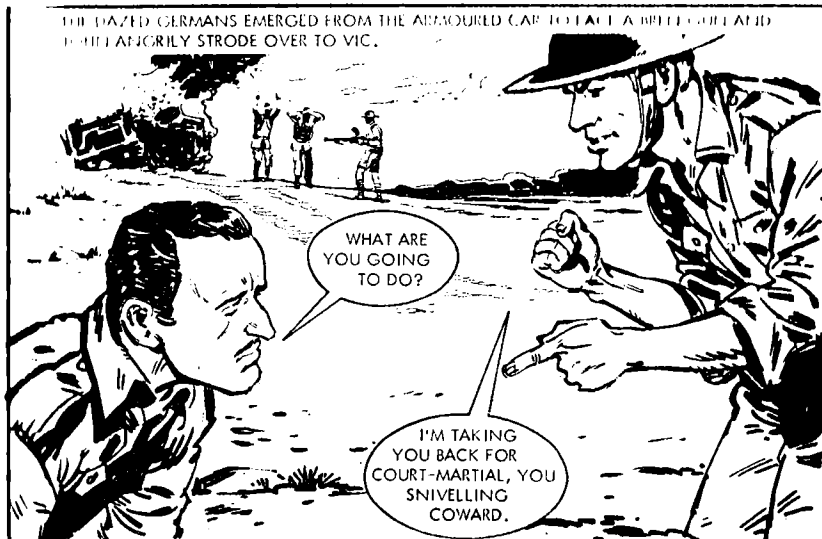
BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED GERMANS KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING JOHN WAS DRIVING STRAIGHT AT THEM.



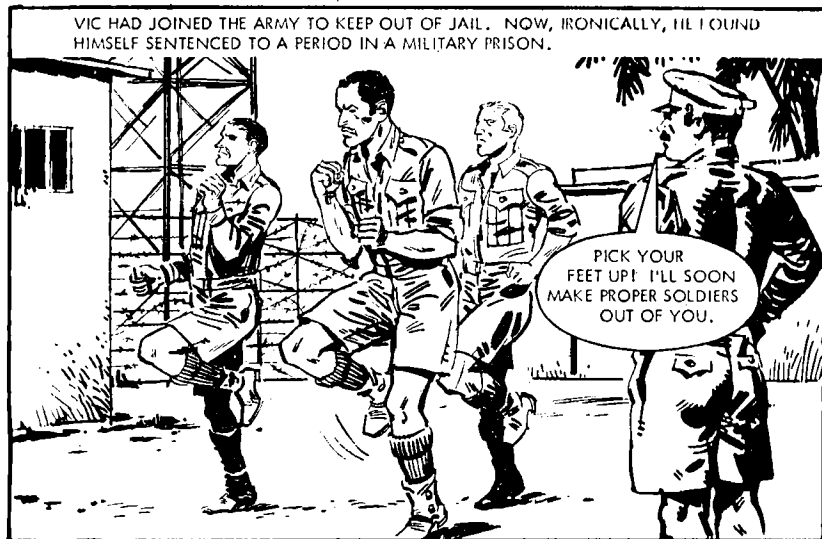
THE CRASH WAS THE ACT OF A MADMAN BUT JOHN HAD BEEN FORCED TO THE POINT OF DESPERATION. THE SPEEDING CARRIER CRUNCHED RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF THE ARMoured CAR, KNOCKING IT OVER.



THE DAZED GERMANS EMERGED FROM THE ARMoured CAR TO FACE A BATTLE-WEARIED VIC WHO ANGRILY STRODE OVER TO VIC.



VIC HAD JOINED THE ARMY TO KEEP OUT OF JAIL. NOW, IRONICALLY, HE FOUND HIMSELF SENTENCED TO A PERIOD IN A MILITARY PRISON.



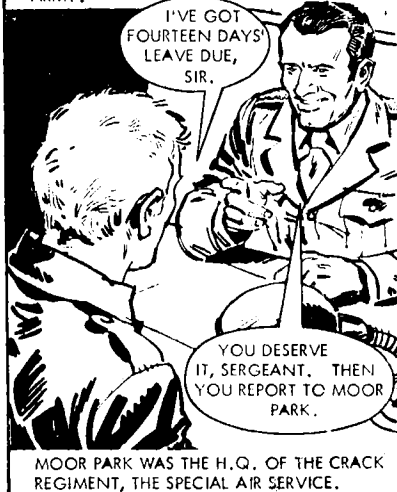
IT WAS FAR TOUGHER THAN ANY CIVILIAN PRISON AND FOR VIC, BRANDED A COWARD, IT WAS MADE HARDER STILL. AS THE GRUELLING SUN BEAT DOWN, ONE THOUGHT KEPT HIM GOING.



JOHN, UNAWARE THAT HE WAS THE OBJECT OF VIC'S HATRED, WAS SOON BACK IN ENGLAND...



HE WAS FITTING IN VERY WELL WITH THE ARMY.



AT THE SAME TIME AS JOHN WAS ABOUT TO JOIN HIS UNIT, VIC WAS BEING RELEASED.



BUT VIC'S THOUGHTS WERE ON ONE THING ONLY — REVENGE AGAINST THE MAN WHO HAD PUT HIM IN PRISON.



VIC REPORTED TO A LOCAL UNIT, THE 101ST. FIRST STOP WAS THE NEAREST BAR, AND HIS FIRST DRINK WAS A VERY SPECIAL ONE.

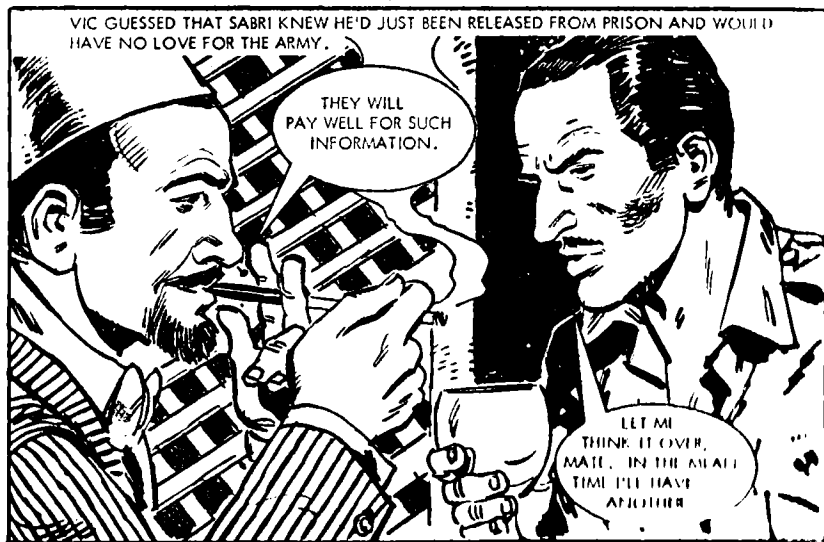


THE ARAB INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS SABRI AND FROM HIS CONVERSATION VIC SOON SENSED THAT HE WAS INVOLVED IN THE BLACK MARKET.

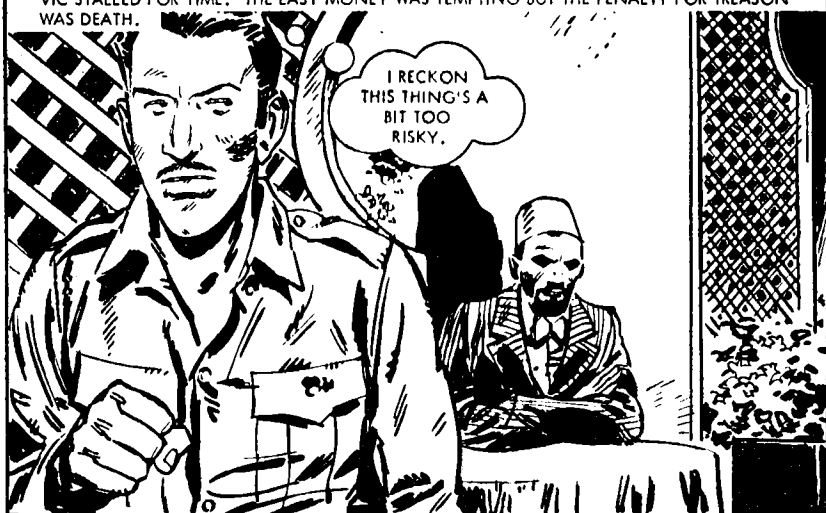


SABRI'S NEXT WORDS MADE VIC SUSPECT THAT THERE WAS MORE TO HIM THAN THE BLACK MARKET.

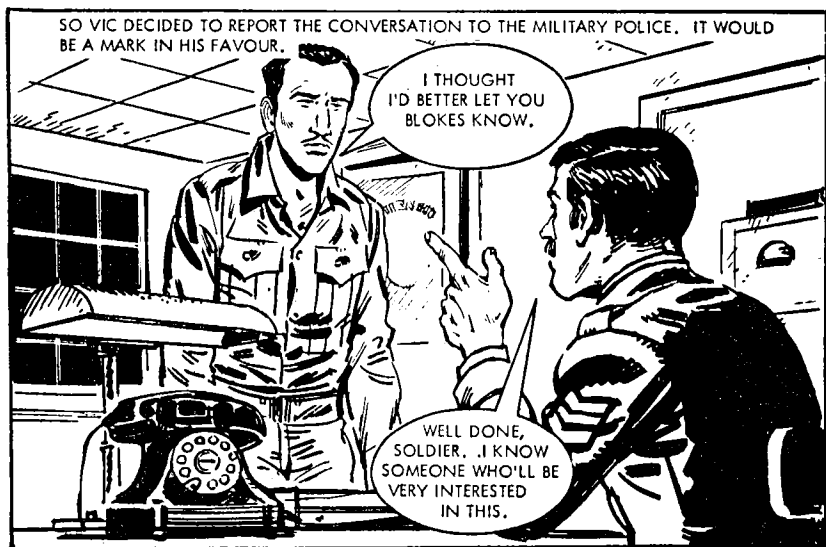




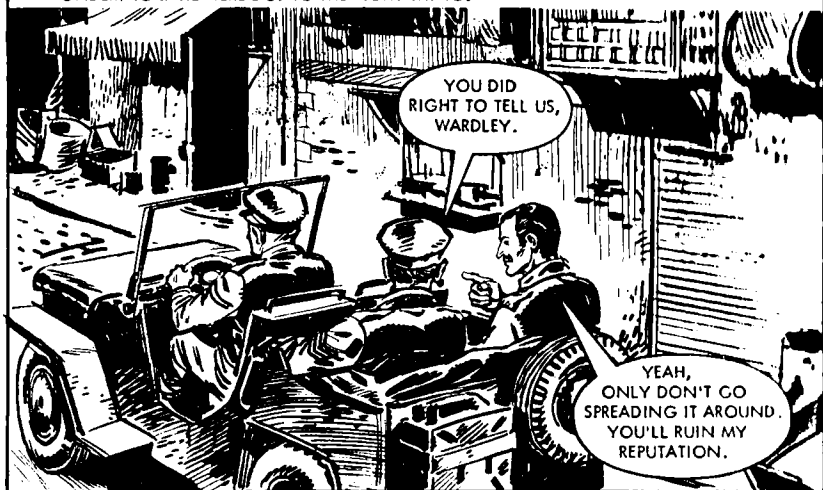
VIC STALLED FOR TIME. THE EASY MONEY WAS TEMPTING BUT THE PENALTY FOR TREASON WAS DEATH.



SO VIC DECIDED TO REPORT THE CONVERSATION TO THE MILITARY POLICE. IT WOULD BE A MARK IN HIS FAVOUR.



HELPING THE POLICE WAS A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR VIC. EVEN THOUGH HE WAS USED TO WONDERING IF HE WERE DOING THE RIGHT THING.



THE M.P.s TOOK VIC TO A SMALL OFFICE IN AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY VILLA — THE SECURITY H.Q.



INTELLIGENCE — SECURITY? VIC WAS PUZZLED FOR A MOMENT. HIS HOPES OF A REWARD WERE SLOWLY VANISHING. THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO SOUND SERIOUS.

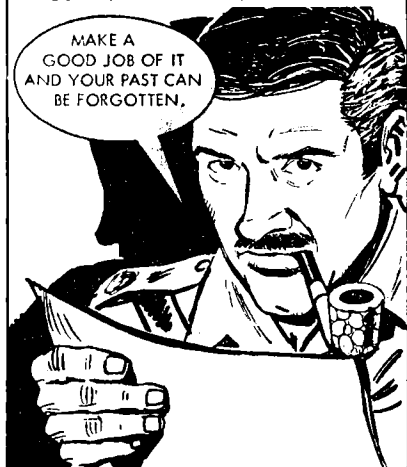


VIC TRIED TO AVOID THE GIMLET-LIKE EYES BORING INTO HIM. HOW MUCH DID THIS MAN KNOW OF HIM?



AS IF FROM A DISTANCE VIC HEARD THE OFFICER OFFER HIM A JOB HELPING TO ROUND UP SABRI AND HIS FRIENDS.

MAKE A GOOD JOB OF IT AND YOUR PAST CAN BE FORGOTTEN.



IT IS A GOOD  
JOB TO DO. I  
WILL DO IT.

GOOD.  
NOW THE FIRST  
THING YOU MUST  
DO...



THE MAJOR'S BRIEFING LASTED TWO DAYS THEN, ARMED WITH FALSE DOCUMENTS, VIC HAD HIS SECOND MEETING WITH SABRI.

THESE ARE  
MOVEMENT ORDERS,  
MATE. NICKED BY A MATE  
FROM BRIGADE OFFICE.  
HOW'S THAT FOR A  
START?

I WILL HAVE  
TO TALK TO MY FRIENDS.  
IF THEY ARE INTERESTED  
THEN WE WILL DISCUSS  
PAYMENT.



SABRI WAS SMALL FRY AND VIC HAD ORDERS TO GO AFTER MUCH BIGGER FISH.



CARTWRIGHT WAS BANKING ON THE BAIT BEING BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE THE GERMANS WANT TO MEET VIC.



THE BAIT WAS ATTRACTIVE ENOUGH AND SABRI ARRANGED AN IMMEDIATE MEETING. A TAXI WAS CALLED.



THEN VIC'S WORRIES STARTED IN EARNEST WHEN THE TAXI DRIVER ANNOUNCED THEY WERE BEING FOLLOWED.



THE TAXI-DRIVER WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD, THROWING OFF THEIR PURSUERS IN THE LABYRINTH OF NATIVE STREETS. THEN AT A VILLA ON THE OUTSKIRTS...



VIC'S NERVES WERE AT BREAKING POINT AS SABRI USHERED HIM IN TO MEET HIS BOSS. WHERE WERE CARTWRIGHT'S MEN?



SUDDENLY THE TWO ARABS SEIZED VIC. THE WHOLE PLAN WAS A TRICK.



THE REVOLVER CONCEALED AT VIC'S WAIST WOULD TAKE SOME EXPLAINING. HE MOVED FAST.



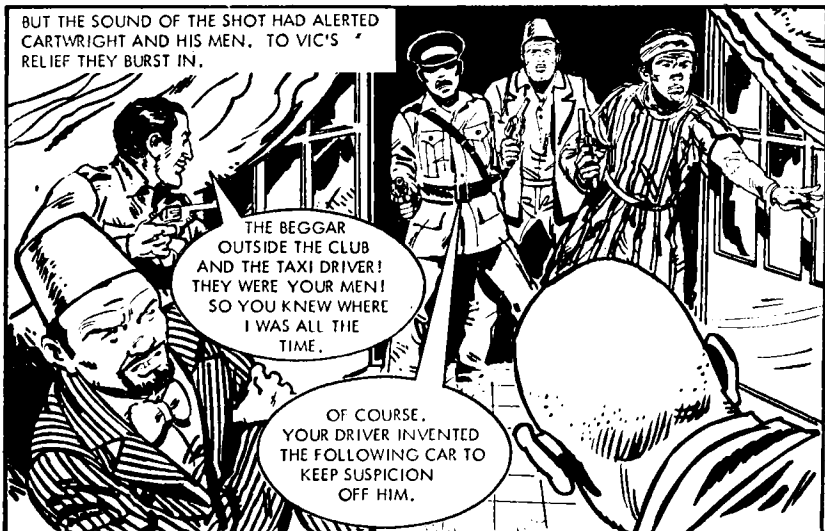
VIC KNEW THAT SECONDS WERE VITAL AND HE HAD TO PLAY FOR TIME.



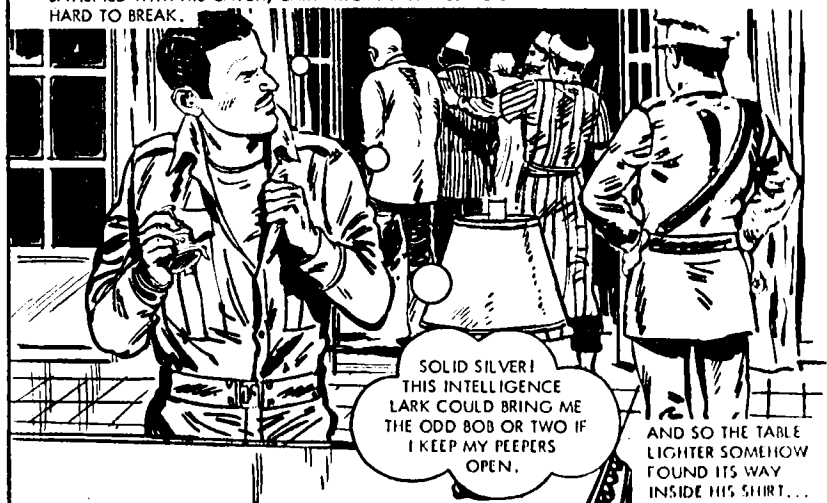
AS SABRI PRODUCED A KNIFE VIC SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER. HE COULD SENSE CARTWRIGHT'S PLAN BREAKING DOWN EVEN AS HE FIRED.



BUT THE SOUND OF THE SHOT HAD ALERTED CARTWRIGHT AND HIS MEN. TO VIC'S RELIEF THEY BURST IN.



SATISFIED WITH HIS CATCH, CARTWRIGHT PREPARED TO LEAVE AND MR. TOLLETT'S TABLE WAS HARD TO BREAK.



SOLID SILVER!  
THIS INTELLIGENCE  
LARK COULD BRING ME  
THE ODD BOB OR TWO IF  
I KEEP MY PEEPERS  
OPEN.

AND SO THE TABLE  
LIGHTER SOMEHOW  
FOUND ITS WAY  
INSIDE HIS SHIRT...

AS VIC GREW MORE SKILFUL IN HIS NEW JOB HE WAS NOT TO KNOW THAT OTHERS WERE INTERESTED IN HIM.



APART FROM  
HIS STICKY FINGERS,  
I'LL BE SORRY TO  
SEE WARDLEY  
GO.

QUITE SO —  
BUT MY DEPARTMENT'S  
NEED IS GREATER THAN  
YOURS, OLD  
BOY.



WHICH WAS WHY VIC FOUND HIMSELF IN THE HALF-REAL WORLD OF SPECIAL OPERATIONS EXECUTIVE, LEARNING THE SKILLS NEEDED BY AN AGENT DROPPED BEHIND ENEMY LINES. FAR FROM A SOFT LIFE, VIC FOUND THE NEXT MONTHS HARD WORK.



A YEAR PASSED AND IN NORTHERN FRANCE JOHN PRESTON, NOW ALSO FULLY TRAINED IN A NEW ROLE, LED A THREE-MAN S.A.S. TEAM ON A NIGHT DROP TO JOIN UP WITH A RESISTANCE GROUP.



AS THEY APPROACHED THE WOODS A GROUP OF EXCITED, SHOUTING, ENGLISHMEN SUDDENLY RAN OUT. THE UNEXPECTED NOISE ALARMED THE S.A.S. NEW COMERS.



JOHN HAD BEEN BRIEFED TO WORK WITH THE RESISTANCE LEADER CODE-NAMED "SINBAD", SO IT WAS A SHOCK TO FIND HE WAS VIC WARDLEY.



BARELY HIDING HIS HATRED, VIC EXPLAINED THAT HE WAS WORKING FOR S.O.E. AND THAT HE HAD BEEN IN THE AREA FOR A FEW MONTHS NOW.



AS THEY MADE THEIR WAY TO VIC'S HIDEOUT JOHN COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT THE FRENCHMEN LOOKED MORE LIKE A BUNCH OF HOODLUMS THAN RESISTANCE FIGHTERS.



JOHN'S SUSPICIONS WERE CONFIRMED WHEN HE SAW VIC'S CAVE HIDEOUT WAS FULL OF NON-MILITARY BOOTY.



HIS LITRASE GREW WITH EACH DAY. SECOND AND HE DECIDED TO WARD OFF S.A.S. TEAM.

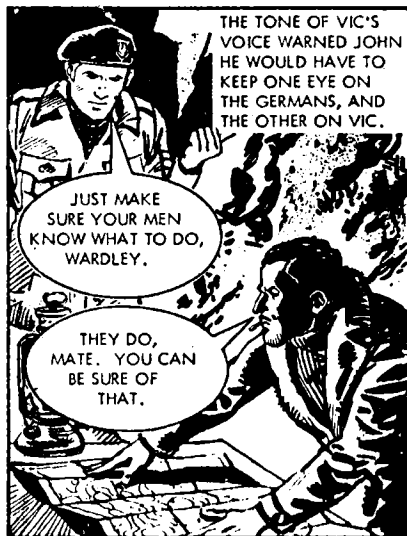


OVER A MEAL JOHN EXPLAINED TO VIC THAT HE AND HIS GROUP HAD TO STOP AN S.S. PANZER DIVISION FROM REACHING THE D-DAY LANDING AREAS.



BUT VIC HAD PLANS OF HIS OWN. HE'D WAITED A LONG TIME TO GET EVEN WITH JOHN AND HE WAS GOING TO ENJOY EVERY SECOND OF HIS REVENGE.





VIC THEN SHOWED THAT HE HAD NOT FORGOTTEN ALL HIS S.O.E. TRAINING AS HE PRODUCED SOME SOUP PLATES PAINTED BLACK.



SCRAMBLING DOWN TO THE ROAD JOHN AND VIC BEGAN TO WORK ON THE TRAP, BUT STILL THEIR ENMITY FLARED...



AS VIC AND JOHN WERE PREPARING THEIR WELCOME, THE GERMAN ARMOUR WAS CLIMBING THE STEEP MOUNTAIN ROAD.



HOWEVER THE IMMINENT ARRIVAL OF THE GERMANS WAS NOTICED BY VIC'S LOOKOUT.



THE WARNING WAS RELAYED DOWN THE SLOPE TO JOHN AND VIC WHO COMPLETED THEIR TASKS IN DOUBLE QUICK TIME, AND ALL THE TIME VIC'S EVIL, TWISTED MIND WAS FLOODING REVENGE.



AS THEY WAITED FOR THE GERMANS JOHN FELT THE EXCITEMENT OF GOING INTO ACTION AGAIN. WOULD THE S.S. FALL FOR VIC'S TRAP?



SEEING THE SOUP PLATES, THE GERMANS STOPPED. THE MENACING BLACK SHAPES LOOKING CONVINCING IN THE POOR LIGHT. THEN SOMEONE MOVED ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE. IT DIDN'T GO UNNOTICED —



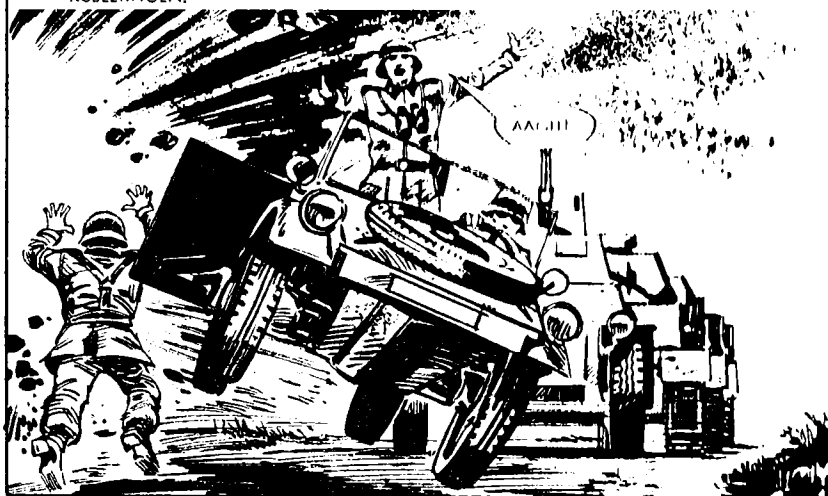
THE FIRST CLUE THE COLUMN HAD OF DANGER WAS WHEN THE OFFICER SENT BACK ONE OF HIS MEN.



SENSING THEIR DISCOVERY, THE TERRORISTS SPRANG THEIR TRAP.



THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN ERUPTED, BLOCKING THE ROAD AND KNOCKING OVER THE KÜBELWAGEN.



VIC WAS JUBILANT — THE ROAD WAS BLOCKED. BUT JOHN CUT SHORT HIS CELEBRATIONS.



BEING SMALLER THAN THE TANKS, THE GERMAN ARMOURD CAR WAS ABLE TO MANOEUVRE INTO A POSITION TO FIRE ITS CANNON UP AT THE SABOTEURS.



VIC HAD A FEW WORDS WITH HIS MEN AND SOON TWO OF THEM WERE TRYING TO DISLodge A LARGE ROCK FROM THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.



THE ROUGH-AND-READY BARRAGE OF ROCKS WAS SENT ON ITS WAY, TO THE ALARM OF THE GERMANS BELOW.



GATHERING SPEED AS IT WENT THE ROCK KNOCKED THE ARMoured CAR CLEAN OFF THE ROAD INTO THE VALLEY BELOW.



JOHN WAS RIGHT. THE GERMAN TANKS, UNABLE TO FIND A SUITABLE FIELD OF FIRE ON THE NARROW MOUNTAIN ROAD, BEGAN TO PULL BACK.



VIC WAS BACK IN BUSINESS. AS LONG AS HE WAS IN THE WAR, HE WAS DETERMINED TO GET WHAT HE COULD OUT OF IT. WATCHES, BINOCULARS, PISTOLS, AMMUNITION - ANYTHING VALUABLE OR USEFUL FOR BARGAINING, THAT WAS HIS PRIORITY TARGET.



UNKNOWN TO VIC, EVEN AS HE SPOKE, THE GERMANS WERE PREPARING A COUNTER ATTACK.



VIC AND HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND STAYED ON LONGEST TO FINISH THE LOOTING. CHALKY WHITE AND JOHN TRIED TO SPUR THEM ON, BUT THE SOUND OF JOHN'S VOICE ONLY REMINDED VIC IN THE EXCITEMENT HE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT HIS OLD ENEMY.

GET YOUR  
MEN OUT OF HERE,  
WARDLEY.

NOT UNTIL  
I'VE FINISHED,  
PRESTON. I'VE GOT  
A SCORE TO SETTLE  
WITH YOU.

WHILE I WAS IN  
THAT STINKING PRISON  
IN EGYPT, ONE THING KEPT  
ME GOING, PRESTON, THE  
THOUGHT THAT ONE DAY I  
WOULD HAVE YOU JUST  
WHERE I WANT  
YOU.

AT LAST IT WAS IN THE OPEN, AND JOHN REALISED A MADMAN FACED HIM.

VIC PREPARED FOR HIS MOMENT OF REVENGE, LITTLE REALISING THE GERMANS WERE ABOUT TO RETURN.



HE WAS TOO CONSUMED WITH THE THOUGHT OF REVENGE TO NOTICE THE POOR GUARD THAT HAD LEAKED FROM THE GERMAN VEHICLE.



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. VIC DROPPED HIS CIGARETTE AND A WALL OF FLAME SHOT UP, AND AT THAT MOMENT THE GERMANS ATTACKED.



VIC WAS FORGOTTEN AS JOHN TURNED TO FACE THIS NEW THREAT.



IT WAS A TWO-PRONGED ATTACK. UP ON THE RIDGE THERE WAS FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AS THE GERMANS LAUNCHED THEIR SURPRISE ATTACK.

TAKE THAT,  
FRITZ.



ALTHOUGH THEY WERE HOLDING THE GROUND, AMERICAN SOLDIERS WERE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED.

THAT'S  
STOPPED THEIR  
LITTLE GAME.

ONLY FOR  
THE MOMENT, CHALKY.  
WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND  
MAKE A RUN  
FOR IT.



BUT AT THAT MOMENT HE HEARD FRANTIC SCREAMS. VIC HAD SURVIVED THE INITIAL EXPLOSION, BUT HE WAS RELIVING HIS PREVIOUS NIGHTMARE OF THE BURNING STOLEN MEAT VAN.



JOHN KNEW HE HAD ONLY SECONDS LEFT IN WHICH TO ACT AND HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HELP. CHALKY WHITE SAW IT DIFFERENTLY -



SUDDENLY A STRAY BULLET FROM THE GERMANS HIT JOHN IN THE SHOULDER. THE SIGHT OF JOHN'S FALLING BODY PENETRATED VIC'S HYSTERIA.



WITH THE RETURN OF HIS SANITY VIC REALIZED HE COULD STILL FIGHT. THERE WAS A FALL, THEN HE LIFTED JOHN ON TO HIS SHOULDERS.



OUT OF THE CIRCLE OF FLAMES VIC FELL EXHAUSTED TO HIS KNEES. JOHN, REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, LOOKED AT HIM —



WITH A CURSE VIC TORE THE LOOTED WATCH FROM HIS WRIST AND HURLED IT INTO THE FLAMES.



THEY MADE THEIR ESCAPE, THEIR MISSION COMPLETED. TOGETHER THEY HAD SLOWED DOWN THE GERMAN TANKS AND GIVEN THE ALLIES A CHANCE TO ESTABLISH THE BEACH-HEADS IN NORMANDY. WHATEVER LAY AHEAD, THEY KNEW THEY WOULD TACKLE IT AS A TEAM.



**Commando**  
**THE END**

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Stars of Soccer – Terry Hibbitt

# COWARD IN KHAKI

**M**EN don't often change. If a man's a crook in civilian life he'll probably still be a crook in the army.

So it was with Vic Wardley. Everyone knew him to be a crook — and a coward as well.

So why should an Intelligence Corps major single him out for a vital job in contact with the enemy?

 **Commando**

